

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1919

Reedy's
MIRROR

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By the Editor

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THREE DOLLARS THE YEAR

New Books Received

A LONDON LOT by A. Neil Lyons. New York: John Lane, Co., 6/.

A novelized edition of the successful play, "London Pride," by Mr. Lyons and Gladys Unger.

THE CHURCH AND ITS OPPORTUNITY by various writers, edited by Charles Lewis Slatery. New York: Macmillan Co., \$1.50.

Present moral problems grouped under seven heads and these discussed by two or three ministers or professor who have specialized in a study of that subject. The seven topics are: Shall we retain the old testament in the lectionary and in the Sunday school; the need of an American labor party; the obligation of the church to support a League of Nations;

necessary readjustments in the training of the ministry; the essentials of prayer book revision; the functions of the episcopate in a democracy; and the effect of the war on religion. The contributors include Rev. Percy Stickney Grant, Rev. H. E. W. Fosbrooke, Rev. Roland Cotton Smith, Mrs. Mary M. K. Simkhovitch and many others.

THE CHINESE PUZZLE by Marian Bower and Leon M. Lion. New York: Henry Holt & Co., \$1.60.

A mystery novel whose scene opens in an English country home. There is a secret treaty between England and China—(this is supposed to be fiction)—which is stolen. The identity and whereabouts of the thief, the international significance of the theft, the

knowledge possessed only by the charming *Lady de la Haye*, the disgrace of the host, the canny activity of *Chi Lung* give zest to the story.

BOLSHEVIK AIMS AND IDEALS reprinted from the Round Table. New York: Macmillan Co., \$1.

"The Round Table is a co-operative enterprise conducted by people who dwell in all parts of the British commonwealth, whose aim is to publish once a quarter a comprehensive review of Imperial politics, entirely free from the bias of local party issues, together with articles dealing with foreign and inter-Imperial problems from the Imperial point of view," the advertisement announces. This work, as may be imagined, condemns the government of Lenin and Trotzky and advertises the general worthiness of the Kolchak movement.

livered in America this spring. As an Englishman speaking to Americans he emphasizes the mutual shortcomings of the two nations and the mutual ideals and duties in the years that lie ahead.

BLUE SMOKE by Karle Wilson Baker. New Haven: Yale University Press. Poetry.

TOWN IMPROVEMENT by Frederick Noble Evans. New York: D. Appleton & Co., \$2.50.

A practical work, written in simple language, describing how the physical improvement of a town may be accomplished and the effect of such co-operative work and general improvement on the life of the community. There are chapters on street system, trees, parks, railroad, water front, water supply and sewerage, homes, school grounds, gardens and neighborhood centers. Illustrated and indexed.

BASS, PIKE, PERCH AND OTHER GAME FISHES OF AMERICA by James A. Hemshall. Cincinnati: Stewart, Kidd Co., \$2.00.

Here is a book for the delight of any fisherman. It describes in detail ninety species and varieties of the game fishes inhabiting fresh water lakes and streams of the Rocky mountains and the salt waters of the Atlantic and Gulf. There is a brief technical description for their identification, and a complete popular description of their habits and habits. There is also suggestions and directions for angling and instructions on the various tackle needed. Illustrated. Indexed.

FRENCH WAYS AND THEIR MEANING by Edith Wharton. New York: D. Appleton & Co., \$1.50.

An intimate study of the French people. The author has chosen what she believes the four salient qualities of the Gallic spirit: taste, reverence, continuity and intellectual honesty, and discusses them from various points of view. She contrasts the Germans and the French, and the Americans and the French, stating the errors in the viewpoints of each nation with regard to the other. Boxed.

THE TRAIL MAKERS by Charles P. Burton. New York: Henry Holt & Co., \$1.50.

The sort of a tale all boys like, with much courage and danger and many brave deeds. Illustrated by Gordon Grant.

FISHING TACKLE AND KITS by Dixie Carroll. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Co., \$2.00.

Positively complete information on fishing, anywhere, any time. All about the fish, whatever he may be, and all about the tackle necessary to hook him. Also how to do it in a sportsmanlike manner. Fish, flies, canoes, duffle bag, knife, shoes, reel, motor, food and how to cook it are only a few of the subjects treated. The author is Carroll Blaine Cook, editor of the *National Sportsman*.

IN THE SWEET DRY AND DRY by Christopher Morley and Bart Haley. New York: Boni & Liveright, \$1.50.

An extravaganza, deliciously reciting the slightly moist state of the nation after two years of prohibition. Illustrated by Gluyas Williams.

THE HAND OF THE POTTER by Theodore Dreiser. New York: Boni & Liveright, \$1.50.

A four-act play, tragic, tender, pathetic, done by a master of English.

THE OLD CARD by Roland Pertwee. New York: Boni & Liveright, \$1.60.

A humorous novel of the stage having as its leading characters an actor of the old school and his adopted daughter, a motion picture actress. The scenes are mostly laid in London.

CAKE UPON THE WATERS by Zoe Akins. New York: Century Co., \$1.35.

A breezy comedy with a charming widow as the central figure. Illustrated.

ADDRESSES IN AMERICA, 1919, by John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, \$1.25.

Seven addresses peculiarly representative of his many sided reflection and observation, de-

GOVERNMENT ORGANIZATION IN WAR TIME AND AFTER by William Franklin Willoughby. New York: D. Appleton & Co., \$2.50.

A survey of the national civil organization for the prosecution of the war. Beginning with a general examination of the war powers of the President, the author analyzes the administrative problems of the war and describes the organization and operation of the special agencies created to meet them. As elements in the general mobilization he covers industry, foreign trade, fuel, food, transportation, shipping, labor, finance, public information, etc. The author is director of the Institute for Government Research. There is an appreciative introduction by Frederick P. Keppel, third assistant secretary of war. Indexed.

THE QUERRILS by Stacy Aumonier. New York: Century Co., \$1.60.

A sweet, amiable, well-bred English family—mother, father, five children, the youngest nineteen. They are afraid of emotions and they shut out all that are not comfortable and respectable and pretty. But fate is stronger than will, reality forces out these taboo emotions and it is the Querrils' reaction to them that make the story. Frontispiece.

YELLOW MEN SLEEP by Jeremy Lane. New York: Century Co., \$1.60.

A real thriller, involving United States secret service men and an inaccessible empire in the heart of the desert of Gobi, where a beautiful American girl is held captive by trickery and craft. There is a sub-plot dealing with the production and international sale of a mysterious drug.

THE WILL OF SONG by Percy MacKaye and Harry Barnhart. New York: Boni & Liveright, 70c.

A dramatic service of community singing which has already been successfully produced by the Buffalo Community Chorus. It is expressive of group emotions, human relationships. The authors have indicated costuming, lighting effects and music to be used in the production.

PRESIDENT WILSON'S GREAT SPEECHES AND OTHER HISTORY MAKING DOCUMENTS. Chicago: Stanton & Van Vliet Co., \$1.25.

New and enlarged edition. Contains forty-four of the president's speeches, including "Five Fundamentals for a League of Nations," "Four Points Supplementing the Fourteen Points," his speeches in Rome, Paris, London. These are supplemented by thirty-seven important international historical documents. Biography and portrait of the President.

THE TRAGEDY OF INDIA, a pamphlet published by the Hindustan Gadar party at 5 Wood street, San Francisco (5c), giving the salient arguments in India's struggle for freedom, with an account of the Swadeshi movement. Statistics are given on how and why India's industries were killed, agriculture, shipbuilding and minerals; India's participation in the war and the "reward" she has received; her educational system; the Rowlatt bill, etc.

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REEDY'S MIRROR

Vol. XXVIII. No. 37

ST. LOUIS, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1919

PRICE TEN CENTS

REEDY'S MIRROR

SYNDICATE TRUST BUILDING.

Telephones: Bell, Main 2147; Kinloch, Central 745.

All business communications should be addressed "Business Manager," REEDY'S MIRROR.

Entered at the Post Office at St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A., as second-class matter.

Terms of subscription to REEDY'S MIRROR, including postage in the United States and Mexico, \$3.00 per year; \$1.60 for six months; in Canada, Central and South America, \$3.50 per year; \$2.10 for six months. Subscriptions to all foreign countries, \$4.00 per year.

Single copies, 10 cents.

Payments, which must be in advance, should be made by Check, Money Order or Registered Letter, payable to REEDY'S MIRROR, St. Louis.

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WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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The Police and Other Strikes

By William Marion Reedy

BOSTON'S police strike was a tragic, disgraceful thing. Worst of it is that the police in other cities—fifty cities according to Senator Meyers—are organized and have strikes in contemplation. All the publicists tell us that these strikes should not occur, and we all agree. The policeman should stick to his duty like a soldier. "Their's not to reason why" and all that sort of thing. But here we are up against the question whether a man really must abdicate his individuality at all times for the community. A policeman may from conviction refuse to shoot down strikers. Shall he be shot down for such refusal? A policeman doesn't cease to be a citizen when he puts on a uniform. If he is underpaid, works too long hours, cannot afford to pay for new uniforms, shall he forfeit all right of protest? And because he is a policeman shall he be denied the right to join a union or a federation of unions? If he can quit his position individually, surely he can do it collectively. And if the evils he complains of are not redressed by his superiors must he dumbly submit? Shall not a citizen or a class of citizens revolt, for cause? If not, why not deny to peoples the right of revolution? I don't see how we are to hold a policeman to his oath to support the laws and obey his superiors, if those superiors do not give him consideration as a human being when he asks enough to live. I know the state philosophy holds that the policemen must not acknowledge other authority than the state or the city, but that philosophy is good only with those who would shoot the policeman down for striking. It holds not at all for the man who thinks that striking will win him proper pay.

The fact of life is, of course, that when the individual or a class by its action menaces the security of the community as a whole, the individual or class must go down. Whether in accord with absolute or abstract justice or not, that is what happens. Everybody's safety is more important than anybody's grievance. The many always turn against the few when those few take action that constricts or coerces the many. All Terrors, white or red, are destroyed by the bourgeoisie. The wrongs of Boston's police force may be many and grave, but they do not match the wrong of unleashed thuggery and destruction. So after a little the terrorists are always brought down. So it is that when we hear of great strikes we know that when they endanger the peace, the lives and the property of others they are doomed, for there are always more people not striking than there are strikers. Boston was fairly soon subdued to order. The striking police did not make the disorder, but when they struck the forces of disorder broke loose. And then all the other people were at once back of the authorities in the work of suppression. Socialists and anarchists may say this is all wrong. It is a fact and nothing can change it. When those who let loose force upon the community are met with force, the answer is, if not perfect, sufficient. Nobody can have liberty or anything else he deserves

or lawfully desires if the appeal is made to irresponsible passion. The Boston police would not be better off if they had to live for long amidst the conditions their action precipitated.

But Boston's authorities were warned of what was coming. They should have been prepared to meet it. They should have met it with justice to the policemen. The things the police demanded were reasonable enough—even the demand for the right to join the American Federation of Labor. The men abjured no right to join such an organization. As citizens they still possessed the right of petition and remonstrance. Hereafter the applicant for membership of the force may be required to foreswear that right, but it is theirs now beyond question. When the police gave notice that they would quit, the authorities should at least have extemporized a force to preserve the peace. They did not. They failed in their duty to keep order. Not that they should have called out troops to fire on the policemen, but they should have had a force to keep the hoodlums from breaking forth in lawlessness. To sum it all up, strikes may originate in demands absolutely just, but when strikes develop conditions that tend to disintegrate society and to dissolve the sanctions of whatever there is of a "social contract," they must be put down on the theory of the greatest good to the greatest number. There is no getting away from the fact that the community would go to pieces if passion were permitted to supplant law. "The common consent of mankind is an infallible motive of certainty," and the common consent of mankind is in favor of the safety of all the people even as against the just demands, backed by violence, of a relatively few.

But there is nothing that justifies the denial of the right to strike. It is a right that carries with it responsibilities for abuse of its exercise. A worker is not a chattel. And it would be an abomination to destroy the right to strike as in the case of the steel workers whom Judge Elbert H. Gary will not meet to discuss their demands for better conditions. Gary would imperil society by forcing a strike, rather than arbitrate.

On the other hand, the railroad shopmen are wrong in striking before the President and the Railroad Administration can give further consideration to their demands. The Government has dealt fairly with Labor and is disposed to continue that policy. I should say, too, that sensible Labor should postpone all strikes as the President has requested. Strikes are easy to start but hard to end, and the bigger they are the greater the chance that they may develop conditions out of which Labor will emerge in a last condition worse than its first. The British Trades Union Congress on Thursday last voted down the proposal of a general strike in support of demands for the withdrawal of the troops from Russia, the lifting of the blockade, the abolition of conscription, non-interference by the

military in industrial disputes and the release of conscientious objectors. The 5,000,000 labor men did not want to make an issue of direct action with the other millions of the British isles. They would not call an industrial strike to enforce political demands. Here Labor definitely makes no political demands with relation to contemplated strikes, but a big strike would jeopardize political demands, as for the Plumb plan, in the immediate future. And the nation as a whole does not incline to be forced at pistol point into action in behalf of any one element or special interest, whatever grievances that element or interest may have. The sentiment of the country as a whole reveals, I think, that if the Bolsheviks "start something" they will find soon that they "can't get away with it." The time is not ripe here for the soviet yet. But something must be done to democratize industry or our political democracy, limited, will blow up after a while. There cannot be political freedom without industrial freedom. The worker must get his share of the product of his toil. What he gets now looks big, but we all forget that it is in dollars "Mex."

Sam Gompers was quick to see how the Boston strike was likely to align the people as a whole against Labor as a class. The President had called the strike a crime, and said a policeman or other public servant had no right to desert his duty for any cause. Gompers called to the police of Boston to return to duty pending the action of the President's conference upon industrial conditions and workers' standards. The men obeyed, realizing probably that they blundered in not awaiting a decision. But old Uncle Sam got at it cleverly by first calling on the Boston authorities to rescind their order prohibiting policemen from becoming or remaining members in a union affiliated with the American Federation of Labor. He pointed out that the commissioners of the District of Columbia had rescinded a similar order at the President's decision.

The question of taking back the strikers was a delicate one. The military idea was that the strikers were deserters. That was President Wilson's idea—Wilson whom so many people accuse of being a deserter himself from his pledges to the world. The governor of Massachusetts likewise stood pat. The police commissioners refused to rescind the order forbidding the police union to affiliate with the A. F. of L. Gompers said they would have to be responsible for the consequences. That doesn't scare the Board. It wants policemen who will always be there "when constabulary duty's to be done," even though in doing it, "the policeman's lot is not a happy one." And it is getting them, so far as possible, from former U. S. service men. A police force under A. F. of L. control would be about as effective as was the Russian army when soldier committees debated officers' orders.

The issue shapes up into a question whether the A. F. of L. is greater than the State of Massachusetts, whether the state shall recognize the Federation as a coequal government. Governor Coolidge won't recognize the A. F. of L. any more than President Wilson did Huerta. So the state fires citizens—from their jobs for joining a union to raise their pay. This is all right from the military point of view, but it is not wise. The reinstatement of the strikers would promote better feeling, mollify the situation, ease off the dangerous excitement and bring about a restoration to the normal. The threat of a sympathetic strike still hangs over Boston and a reinstatement of the

strikers would remove it. I do not think Gompers has the people with him in this matter. Sentiment appears to run against the policemen's action in "letting in the jungle." Everyone agrees the police should have more pay but they should not quit their posts any more than locomotive engineers and firemen should strike by jumping from the cabs with passenger-laden trains going at full speed. I should say that the Boston episode has given Labor a black eye. It has made a fancy acrobat of Gompers—standing for one soviet in Boston and fighting another in Petrograd. It makes plain, too, the fact that Americans don't want to be ruled by Labor any more than by Capital though Capital does rule them through its greater subtlety and cleverness of method.

Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

Peaching on the President

POET D'ANNUNZIO has taken possession of Fiume in the name of Italy. He would not or could not wait for the disposal of the city's destiny by the Paris conference. The author's irregular troops have been welcomed by the citizens who tore down the flags of the allied nations, while the British and French troops barricaded themselves against possible attack. Regular Italian troops are moving against D'Annunzio's force, estimated at anywhere from three thousand to twelve thousand men.

The poets and writers are playing the devil with the peace conference, the League of Nations and President Wilson. It was Mr. Wilson who said Italy should not have Fiume. D'Annunzio's answer is to take the city. Simultaneously writer Lincoln Colcord comes out in the *New York Nation* and says that the President is—well, mistaken, when he says that he did not know about the secret treaties between the Allies in 1918 when he formulated his fourteen points as the basis of peace. Mr. Colcord says that he himself brought those treaties to the attention of both the President and Colonel House in June, 1917, after British Foreign Secretary Balfour had declared in the Commons that England would stand by those treaties, that her national honor was bound up in them. Mr. Colcord sent the President and his *alter ego* the newspaper clippings about the incident and pointed out very fully its bearings. "I can recall dozens of conversations with Colonel House about the secret treaties going as far back as the summer of 1917," says Mr. Colcord, who then specifies all the matters upon which he advised the American commission. His advice was not heeded. The League covenant was framed in disregard thereof. But Mr. Colcord cannot believe that the President can have forgotten what he told him. Therefore he calls the President an "amazing charlatan," speaks of his "capacity for complete self-deception," says "he has prostituted the soul of a nation," and that "it will take America years and maybe generations to recover from the blight of his hypocrisy, from the deep wounds of his autocratic designs." That is pretty nearly as bad as what D'Annunzio has done. The writing clan that was all with Wilson are, as he says, "quitters" though they say that it is he who quit when the trail of peace got hot.

And then came writer W. C. Bullitt to "blow the gaff" still more cruelly. Mr. Bul-

litt, like Mr. Colcord, told the President what to do about Russia, and how to do it, and found that the President had a wooden ear. Just for that Mr. Bullitt tells all the world all he knows about Mr. Wilson at Paris and Versailles, shows how the President lay down on self-determination and was generally pocketed by Lloyd George and Balfour. Hell hath no fury like a writer scorned.

Mr. Wilson made a great set for the writers when he started to frame up the new world. Now they are all turning upon him—all except David Lawrence. And, oh yes, George Creel. Though the President put a crimp in him, Creel doesn't squeal. But George is tied up with Frank P. Walsh and Joseph W. Folk and others who have abandoned Wilson to that fate to the acceleration of whose approach they have consecrated their combined abilities. A man's foes are those of his own household. Mr. Wilson should have remembered the regular last words in each issue of REEDY'S MIRROR, "When alighting from a street car look out for the car approaching from the opposite direction." It is too bad to find so many former accomplices of Mr. Wilson turning state's evidence against him. They cast aspersions upon his perspicacity and upon his veracity. They warn the people that he is not to be believed on the rostrum. They are more effective than the senatorial natribists. They are such glaring examples of the peculiar fact that everybody who gets close to Mr. Wilson falls out with him. They should warn him of the danger he incurs in his attempt to get close to the people. Among persons who attended the Paris conference, the king of indoor and outdoor sports just now is the game known as "peaching on the President." But none of our writers has achieved anything like the sublimity of "gesture" accomplished by the author of "the triumph of death." They take umbrage. The Italian takes Fiume. It is D'Annunzio *contra mundum* and Wilson the *stupor mundi*. And the bitterness of it is that the President is a writer, a word-smith himself. Tragic is the only word for it.

And now the great senatorial debate upon the treaty and the covenant is on. Between majority and minority reports upon the matter, the difference, except as to Article X, is that between tweedledum and tweedledee. Moreover the President will accept interpretations of reservation, and so compromise is in the offing. I wonder if the first thing upon which the League of Nations will be called to concert of action will be the ejection of Gabriele D'Annunzio and his little troop from Fiume?

Framing Against Woodrow

When William Jennings Bryan turned up at Washington recently everybody knew that it was not exclusively in behalf of his old government ownership program. He was on politics bent. He has been getting the faithful together, the Bryan faithful. They are to be got together against Wilsonian control of the next national Democratic convention. I am told that Colonel Bryan, his brother Charles, Judge Walter Clark of North Carolina, ex-Governor Folk of Missouri, and some others had a conference a few nights ago at which it was decided to save the Democratic party from becoming the Wilson party, or the Plumb party. The conference is for Bryan's pub-

lic ownership. Also it is for a plank in the platform pledging the nominee, if elected, to stay at home and mind this country's business. Colonel Bryan is said to have explained that he would not make any move against Wilson until after the treaty was out of the way. It is said that the conference chiefly agreed upon the fact that there is too much House in the administration, and the further fact that House has played the game at Paris for Great Britain, the Houses having been the agents of British nobility and financiers in Texas for two generations. The conference has no presidential candidate as yet, but it may pick one later, and he may be the Missourian whom Wilson picked for attorney general in 1913, but was prevailed upon by House to deflect to a minor legal position. One of the most important of the conferrers, however, is understood to have said that if the treaty fails the biggest Democrat in the country will be Senator Reed. Now Senator Reed and the other Missourian do not agree, and that little matter has to be ironed out. Champ Clark was not at this conference I am telling about.

Another anti-Wilson conference is to be held this week or next in New York. This will be composed of Roger Sullivan, Tom Taggart and some representatives of the old Judson Harmon crowd. It would not surprise me if Missouri should be represented by Harry B. Hawes. These persons do not like House, either. Nobody likes Colonel House politically, not even Barney Baruch. House is a cuckoo occupying a nest that might be claimed by forty regular fellow Democrats. Sullivan and Taggart are against Wilson on the Irish issue in the treaty and because he treated them no better than Bryan did when he called Sullivan a train robber in 1904. They are all for a return to Jeffersonianism and against the idea of the President as an elected king, which Wilson put forth in his book on Congressional Government and put into practice when elected. They are also against Wilsonian tendencies to radicalism. Tammany hall will be represented at this conference, though probably not by Boss Murphy.

So there we have both the liberals and conservatives organizing against "the lonely man in the White House." Neither element has a candidate. It's too early for a candidate yet. Mr. Hearst may have representatives in both factions opposing Wilson. With his string of papers he is a power for publicity. How Sullivan and Taggart can work with Bryan and Folk is hard to see, but may be they won't try to agree on a candidate, but will go along together until it comes to that and then part company, if no accommodation can be arranged through the exertions of William F. McCombs in his capacity of *liaison* officer between them. It is a year yet until the Democratic convention, but the fashioners of destiny are busy contriving the utter and final discomfiture of the professor. Maybe Burleson can save him, but it is doubtful. Burleson may have hard work saving himself.

NEW YORK, September 15.

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The Bullitt Revelations

MR. W. C. BULLITT says that Secretary of State Lansing, in Paris, accompanying the President, did not think well of the treaty or the League of Nations, especially the latter. He did not believe the American people would

like it, or the Senate ratify it. Lansing himself told the Foreign Relations Committee that he knew nothing about the secret treaties and very little about anything that went on in Paris. He appears to have been little more than the President's office boy. He told the Bar Association that he did not believe in the League's "mundanism"—worldism, to de-Latinize—that proposed to set aside nationalism the world over. He said Senator Knox would understand the treaty and so would Senator Lodge but that Lodge's attack upon it would take a political twist. And now everybody's wondering whether Mr. Lansing won't soon find himself outside of the cabinet, debating the question, "Did I fall or was I pushed?" Lansing evidently is not sympathetic to his chief. Mr. Lansing is a Republican. Maybe he has been trying to help out his party. However that may be, there is not much doubt that Mr. Lansing is a "dub."

Mr. Bullitt told the Foreign Relations Committee that he went to Russia to negotiate a peace with Lenine and found Lenine willing—even to guaranteeing the payment of the Czar's war debt. Mr. Bullitt went to Lenine on the strength of a memorandum from Lloyd George's private secretary. When Mr. Bullitt reported to Paris his report was pigeon-holed: the President had a one-track mind; he was considering Germany and couldn't worry about Russia. And Lloyd George got up in Parliament and denied that any emissaries had been sent to Russia—apologizing to Mr. Bullitt later on the ground that the Northcliffe press and the British people would not stand for any dealings with Russia just then. All this MIRROR readers knew before. Mr. Bullitt makes it pretty clear that Colonel House, Mr. Lansing, Henry White and General Bliss were in disagreement with the President. Mr. Lansing considered the League of Nations useless—France and England got all they wanted, and the requirement of unanimity of action in the Council means that no injustice to smaller nations can ever be remedied.

But the most damning thing Mr. Bullitt disclosed, was the utter evisceration and emasculation wrought on the President's draft of the covenant as to the subjects now dealt with in Article X. The President's draft emphasized self-determination in territorial readjustments. Also it provided that these readjustments should be considered if three-fourths of the delegates in the assembly so decided. The article contemplated racial conditions and aspirations, social and political relationships as being within the purview of the League and readjustable upon proper presentation and set forth that "territorial changes may, in equity, involve material compensation." Moreover the peace of the world was declared "superior in importance to every question of political jurisdiction or boundary." All that was whittled down to Article X as it stands, guaranteeing the *status quo*, and "self-determination" is not mentioned in it.

The Bullitt revelations do not help the President's case. They show him as outgeneraled by Lloyd George. Mr. Bullitt, resigning his place under the peace commission, said that the President had failed to keep his word to the people on the fourteen points. Mr. Bullitt pointed out in his testimony that it was Messrs. David Hunter Miller and Gordon Auchincloss, Colonel House's son-in-law, who first pointed out that the President had not excepted the Monroe Doctrine from the jurisdiction of the League. Bullitt, by the way, was much feted in Germany in 1916, entertained by Von Bissing, Bethmann-Hollweg, Von Jagow, Zimmerman and Helfferich. He went there on his honeymoon. Now we hear that Bullitt is pro-German, and indeed nearly

every pro-German known before the war is fighting the treaty. Maybe this is due to the superiority of German "ethics," but anyhow it is a fact worth noting—and the President has noted it in his speeches. But the President's abandonment of "self-determination" as to minor nationalities in relation to what is now Article X looks bad, especially to the Irish, the Indians, the Egyptians, the possibility of the presentation of whose claims to nationhood before the League were eliminated.

The chief thing about the League that I do not understand is the absence of provision for democratic control. There was no surer way to "make the world safe for democracy," but it doesn't appear in the covenant. It was proposed that the League delegates be chosen by the various legislative bodies. The proposition was supported by Lord Robert Cecil, General Jan Christian Smuts and Colonel House, but President Wilson was against it. I must confess that the chief impression I get of Wilson as revealed in his own speeches, in the interview with Messrs. Walsh and Dunne, in the Bullitt testimony and elsewhere, is that of a shifty person with a single-track mind, but the track running tortuously. But I don't think Senator Lodge's majority report was more ingenuous than the Wilsonian addresses. The minority report of the Foreign Relations Committee was and is a powerful plea for the League.

Signs of Compromise

BUT why discuss the matter further? The end is in sight. The President says he is not averse to reservations of interpretation, but he opposes amendments or reservations in the resolution of ratification. The latter would mean going over all the conference deliberations again and it would change the document Germany has signed, so that it would have to be resubmitted to Germany.

The President will accede to a statement "on the side" setting forth exactly what the United States understands the different articles to mean. He said at Spokane on Friday: "It is perfectly feasible to do so and perfectly honorable to do that, because, mark you, *nothing can be done under this treaty through the instrumentality of the Council of the League of Nations except by unanimous vote.* The vote of the United States will always be necessary, and it is perfectly legitimate for the United States to notify the other Governments beforehand that its vote in the Council of the League of Nations will be based upon such and such understanding of the provisions of the treaty." The italics are mine. I put them in because they show that the League is a "false alarm." What can be done for China, Egypt, India and Ireland with Great Britain and Japan withholding their assent to proposals to do anything in opposition to their interests in those countries? Any nation can block anything proposed by simply refusing to make it unanimous. The United States has a right to explain its vote on any question beforehand. With definite "reservations of interpretation" filed beforehand by this country, no other nation will spring anything counter to those reservations. The League will be a debating society. Each member will have a veto on any action importantly affecting itself. The only thing the League can do is discuss any question that promises war and hold off the war for nine months. The President hints the way to compromise. I think that way will be taken, because I don't think more than five senators want to reject the covenant altogether. The country wants the matter over and done with. It wants to get down to business. It wants critical do-

mestic questions settled. It sees the quarrel between the President and the Senate as being chiefly a play for political advantage. The country will swallow old Dr. Wilson's League pill, with some coatings by the Senate, though pretty fairly convinced that the pill won't purge the world of what chiefly ails it—namely, the imperfections of human nature.

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Erin on the Rack

News from Ireland the past few days shows that the British government has oscillated from conciliation to coercion in dealing with Sinn Fein. That's the British way—a little salve and a little slugging and *vice versa*. The republican headquarters throughout the island were raided, the papers seized and it is said some arms captured. Sinn Fein leaders are jailed. Many of them are members of parliament pledged never to go near parliament. There were some signs of an impending uprising. There were stories of Sinn Feiners raiding a British minor war vessel and carrying away arms. There were tales of ships flying the green, white and gold flag of the Irish republic sailing in the channel and of course there was De Valera agitating and putting forth an Irish bond issue in the United States. And there had been Frank Walsh's public "rebuke" of President Wilson for abandoning Ireland, to stir up the blood of the revolutionaries. Even Englishmen might well have suspected that there was something going on untoward for them. The raid has not pacified anything. The "wild geese" from New York to Melbourne are "resoluting." The British Trades Union Congress in Glasgow voted sympathy and support to Irish brethren in suppression. And here the action of the British government intensifies political opposition to the peace and League that are said to be English born and made. The tactics of British force come opportunely for the Italian socialists who proclaim a purpose to establish a modified Bolshevism while insisting upon self-determination by the lesser nations. The raid on Ireland imperils in Europe the peace of which Great Britain is the chief beneficiary. How drastic is British suppression is shown by the fact that the censor has forbidden the publication in England of Dora Sigerson Shorter's book of poems, "Sixteen Dead Men," about the men who fell in the 1916 Easter insurrection—advance proofs of which I read yesterday in Mitchell Kennerley's office—a book of flaming revolutionism that embodies the Irish hopes and defeats of centuries. The government is doing now what it denied doing when similar proceedings were described by Messrs. Walsh and Dunne of the Irish-American Commission. The most cathartic act of what President Wilson called the "great metaphysical tragedy" brought on by his speeches about the peace is now in process of performance. There may be more "dead men" for another Dora Sigerson Shorter to sing, she having died of grief over the horrors of Easter week in Dublin.

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A British Labor Cabinet?

Though the British Trades Union Congress vetoed the big strike referred to on page 627 it nevertheless passed resolutions for calling a conference of labor leaders to decide what kind of action shall be taken if the government refuses the demands in support of which the strike was threatened. Now comes Winston Churchill and says that the British troops will "evacuate Russia by way of Petrograd,"

which means that they won't back out but will go through by force. But Churchill always talks tall talk, as witness Antwerp and Gallipoli. The cables report "assurances are given that every British soldier will be out of North Russia by the time the ice blocks the ports." English Labor grows in political power. Arthur Henderson is the fifth Labor candidate to win in seven recent by-elections. He defeated all rivals at Widnes. The government feels the blow. Henderson was in the cabinet early in the war, but Lloyd George let him out because he wanted to attend socialistic congresses. At one time Henderson went to Russia to try to square up a peace and he said he went with power to supplant the ambassador, Sir George Buchanan. Lloyd George thought Henderson was inclined to take too much importance to himself. Unionists and Liberals combined all their forces to defeat him. The result seems to justify those who predict that the next general election will be carried by Labor and there will be a Labor cabinet. It is the prospect of this that mainly causes the holding back of the big strike. A Labor ministry once in power, the nationalization of the railways and mines and the other features of the radicalist reconstruction policy will be put through in short order—and there isn't any Supreme Court in England to tell Parliament that what it legislates is unconstitutional. Henderson's election will tend to hasten the British withdrawal from Russia, where Lenin seems to be holding his own against the four quarters of a world in arms. All England seems to be in favor of getting out of Russia—all but the government. And some people think Winston Churchill is getting ready to coincide with popular sentiment.

That Premier Lloyd George knows how the political wind blows is evidenced by the publication of his appeal to Great Britain to build a new world wherein "labor shall have its just reward and indolence alone shall suffer want." The appeal is in the spirit and speech of the Labor propagandists and it leads many to suspect that the Premier is getting ready to resume his discarded radicalism, abandon the coalition, torpedo Winston Churchill's projected Center party, lead the Laborites in battle and "ride the whirlwind and direct the storm." There were opportunists before Lloyd George but none was his equal. He may now proceed to out-Smillie Smillie and out-Henderson Henderson, after being latterly the hope of the Tories.

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Conditions in Germany

MET Mr. Richard Ederheimer Friday, not two hours off the ship on which he came from Germany where he passed fifteen days. There's much talk about Germany's preparing for revenge and for commercial conquest too. Mr. Ederheimer is the greatest American dealer in engravings and etchings by the old masters. He is also a painter in the modern primitive manner, and an excellent one too. No hope of destroying the revolution in Germany, he says. Only a few Junkers talk it, but the majority ridicule it. The Germans at home are not so harshly critical of Mr. Wilson and his treaty as German sympathizers here. They think Mr. Wilson did his best and failed. They are too practical to think much of the efficacy of a League of Nations, but they accept the accomplished fact and they have hope that the peace terms will be modified by the League. The Germans generally realize they were lied to by their rulers about the war. Mr. Ederheimer found no hatred for the victors. The people want to get down

to work. Their railroad schedules work as well as they did before the war. But industry can't start without raw materials, and most of the raw materials go now to France and Belgium. At that, in a letting for structural steel work in Holland, German firms underbid English firms \$10 a ton. Holland is crowded with agents of American and British commercial houses chafing to get into Germany, but Germany has neither money nor goods. The business men there know that we and the Allies must help Germany or she will not be able to pay the big bills of damages. They hope for modification of the compensation exacted, and they know that with their organization, which the revolution has not shattered, they will be able to produce wealth in abundance if given half a chance to get busy. They think the victors will have to give them a lot of shipping. The Allies and ourselves must carry them till they get on their feet and can pay, or the Allies will not get the payment they demand. The world can only help itself to recuperation by helping Germany. It can only lose heavily by breaking her utterly. The League of Nations will see this, they think. And Germany isn't going Bolshevik. There is good beer in Munich now at about 10 cents a drink. The best crop in five years was this year's. Germany is hopeful, not sullen. It's glad it is rid of the old crowd of rulers. It is not sorry it lost its fleet. Indeed, some of the people are glad the war was lost, for if it had been won, life would now be intolerable under the Junkers and warlords. If, as the President says, the opposition to the League of Nations in this country is pro-German, Mr. Ederheimer says the pro-Germans here are more pro-German than the Germans of the Fatherland. The present regime in Germany will probably last. The Spartacides are few. The jingoistic fire-eaters are laughed at. Extremists of Socialism do not rule. The popular support goes to solid, steady men rather than to brilliant men. And Germany will be safe for the world and the world safe from Germany just as soon as the German people can get to work. Just now many people don't try to work. The Government supports them; but that won't continue when the work is there to do. We must help them to get busy. This is only one man's opinion but it is the opinion of a man who had occasion to meet many people in Germany representative of general opinion. Mr. Ederheimer's views are supported by men like Herbert C. Hoover and Frank Vanderlip, and even by men like Barney Baruch and Thomas W. Lamont. Germany's ability and energy must be set free in production not for her own sake only, but because the world needs her contribution. And nobody knows this better than the English. Bottomley's *John Bull* screams for the removal of all bars against German trade. It says the Americans are going to get it all if Britannia doesn't wake up. British Labor demands a softening of the peace terms. Altogether it seems as if there is more peace spirit in Europe just now than in this country, with the President raising the German bugaboo and Senator Lodge doing the same thing, and Senators Knox and McCormick silenced on the subject of the harshness of the terms imposed upon the vanquished.

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Postal Troubles

I READ that certain of the officials of the postmen's organization in St. Louis claim that their mail has been opened by the post-office authorities. That's nothing. A well-known man told me in New York that while engaged in certain political activities here he wrote letters to United States senators who

say they never received them. Not only that, but a well-known writer connected with the Government in an important capacity until about a week ago, is telling his friends that his mail was tampered with throughout the entire period of the war. From all accounts the espionage system is still working through the postal department. The postoffice heads are especially active in watching the employees. The union spirit is getting too strong among the postmen. Any man who is too openly enthusiastic for organization of the workers is quickly fired. A man in Chicago who had been in the postal service twenty-seven years sought a raise of pay and found his pay reduced. When he inquired what he had done he was delicately told that he had subscribed for and read Max Eastman's *Liberator* and other radical papers. Postmaster Selph of St. Louis, now under fire, may be guilty of all that is urged against him, but if he is it must be said he is not peculiar. The Postmaster General is determined that the postal workers shall not "get the upper hand" of the department. All postmasters are carrying out his instructions. They are doing so much of that, there is no proper carrying of the mails. Delays and losses are the bane of business men's lives. Minor postal officials profess to think that this is all the result of sabotage by the clerks and carriers. That might be true, of course, but the postal employees' organization is not a syndicalist affair.

The worst trouble with the postal system is its boss—Albert Sidney Burleson. He has made all the workers in his department sore with his denial of their right to organize. He has made libertarians disgusted by the suppression of publications. He has run the department "as if it were a convict labor farm kept in order by the use of the bull-whip." Subordinates accuse him of prostituting the civil service in the interest of Democratic politics and even to take care of distant relatives. Nobody has any use for Burleson—except the President—and George Harvey says that the chief executive recently had the P. M. G. on the carpet and told him to do nothing about anything until he got the White House approval thereof. Harvey says Burleson resigned but the President wouldn't accept the resignation. It is said that the Texan was told to keep off the floor of the Senate. He would seem to have been bothering senators in a way to make things shaky for the peace treaty. Burleson is the biggest heterogenetic burden the President has to carry.

Pershing Impresses

GENERAL PERSHING'S stock goes away up with everybody as a result of his speech to the soldiers last Thursday evening. He told the members of the American Legion they should shun anything that would make the society "a political tool in the hands of political aspirants." He is for and with the Legion "as long as it keeps its skirts clean and free from petty politics." That's the stuff most people want to have impressed upon the American Legion—that it must not become a praetorian guard setting up the presidency at auction. Pershing is not playing to the soldier vote, that is evident. He might be taking a side swipe at some one who is, but then General Leonard Wood even is so anti-militaristic that he says the pacifist Secretary of War Baker wants too large a standing army. Pershing grows more important as we get to know him. He hasn't been in touch with the people, but as an offset he was three thousand miles away from Washington during the war and that prevented the politicians from muddling his work or pestering himself. He does nice things in a simple way—like dismounting in

the parade in his honor to pay his respects to Cardinal Mercier. He is not the kind of man who is likely to do anything foolish in an outburst of enthusiasm. He's from Missouri—will show and be shown.



Home Is Much Like This

ST. LOUIS has a pretty bad street car muddle but New York's beats it. Federal Judge Meyer decreed the other day that four downtown, crosstown surface lines of the New York Railways Company must be discontinued, because they don't pay. They carried twelve million people last year. These people were of the poorer downtown districts. Now they will have to walk. Mayor Hylan says the city will establish a bus system. Any such system that can be rigged up right away will not be of much use. How are busses to handle twelve million people a year? To make matters worse the same Federal Judge Meyer issued an order last Tuesday providing that the Ninth avenue surface line shall be severed from the unified system of the New York Railways Company now in receivership and trying to avoid a complete cessation of operation. The Ninth avenue line will be run as an independent unit. It will not give or accept transfers as before. There will no longer be a continuous west side surface line from the Battery to Harlem, and passengers will have to pay a 10-cent fare for a long ride north and south. This change means a discontinuance of service in the heart of the town where the line rather jagged about. There will be much congestion on other lines and accommodations will be slim in the region west of Central Park. Persons now able to ride for five cents from points on Amsterdam or Columbus avenue to points on Broadway south of Fifty-ninth street, will have to pay ten cents or more hereafter. According to Job. Hedges, the receiver of the New York Railways Company, there may be worse and more of it. The larger units of the system are in a bad way. Accountants estimate a deficit of \$15,000,000 for next year, at the present rate. What's to be done? The city cannot permit the stoppage of street car service. That would mean chaos and vast money loss to the people at large. Think of New York without the elevated and the subways and the surface lines going! Reduce expenses? Labor will kick prodigiously. Increase revenue? Everybody will kick. And busses can't do the business; or if they could it would be a long time before they could be got going.

Municipal ownership can be tried. How about the city running all the cars, as elevators are run in big buildings, free? Let the expense be distributed among the landlords in taxes. The mayor does a lot of loud talking but that's about all. His friend, Mr. Hearst, joins in abusing the state public service commissioner. The street car system may disintegrate into its component lines, each giving and taking no franchise, and there's no telling what it may cost a man to get about town in street cars as extensively as they have done. It may be cheaper to ride in taxis. Indeed, taxis are the cheapest and most satisfactory service in the big burg. I don't know how much water the New York Railways Company is trying to earn dividends on, but from the scraps I remember of what W. C. Whitney and Anthony N. Brady and others unloaded on the community it must be enough to make Lake Superior jealous. Didn't they buy one line for a few thousand dollars and pass it to the combine for as many millions?

It's just like being home to read of the street railway situation in New York. The

illusion is the more complete too when you read in the same papers of hold-ups of citizens by bandits in Central Park and Wild West raids on four hotels in one night that get all the moneys in the safes. The stick-up industry is getting to be perniciously industrious. The fellows get away—yes and, as one cop remarked, the worst of it is the police don't know where to look for the robbers now that there's no booze to be had at the saloons. It is too bad, but it is marvelous that there is more complaint about the highwaymen's takings than there is indignation against the stick-up of the community by the railways companies. I don't see anything coming but the imminence of suspended street car service. The bankrupt company is of course plotting reorganization and recapitalization after the receivership. Nobody seems to be preparing to keep that capitalization down and to base fares upon the cost of service. What? Put a limit on profits? That, in the opinion of New York, is "Bolshevism." Everything is Bolshevism that threatens to interfere with plunder disguised as dividends. In Gotham, though, the street railway magnates put over their work without calling in the assistance of the professional burglars, as is the custom in St. Louis.



Journalisme Jaune

ST. LOUIS carries off one grand prize—that for the most banal stunt of journalism in adulation of President Wilson. No Hearst at the apex of idiotic ingenuity could have conceived anything more vulgar than the printing in *fac simile* of the *menu*—written by Mrs. Wilson "with her own hand" (other people write with their feet)—for the little supper for two—the President and herself—at the Statler in St. Louis on the occasion of the visit of the Great Leaguer. Mrs. Wilson writes well, even when in a hurry. She wrote "Cantaloupe, capon, spinach, creamed potatoes, sliced peaches and charlotte russe, for one, sliced peaches and plain ice cream for one, coffee." On what meat doth this our Caesar and Caesar's wife feed that they have grown so important? The *Post-Dispatch* tells us: the *maitre d'hotel* "served the meal personally"—no profanation by the touch of a mere waiter—what prominent citizen assisted as buss-boy? "began the service at 6:45"—which reminds me somehow of that old phrase in accounts of hangings—at exactly 6:33 the drop fell with a dull sickening thud—"the President requested the dark meat of the capon. Mrs. Wilson indicated her preference for the light meat"—Jack the Sprat could eat no fat, his wife could eat no lean—"Mrs. Wilson ate the peaches with charlotte russe, the President eating peaches with ice cream." I wonder if the multitude were permitted to watch the feast through the window as they used to look on while one Louis Capet, afterwards decapitated, dined with Marie Antoinette—an amusing contemporaneous description of which was printed in the August *Atlantic*? What was the *maitre d'hotel's pour-boire*? Ah, that's the sort of thing a senate committee is trying to discover before it O. K.s the expense account of the peace commission at Paris. Were the *serviettes* used on the occasion taken and reverently preserved as souvenirs? The paper explains that the dinner had been heavier had not the luncheon *menu* been more elaborate. That luncheon, by the way, must have been Lucullan, for the papers said that some of *hoi polloi* who had lunched with the President and paid \$2 therefor, complained that they got poor grub—much poorer than that at the presidential table—and not enough at that—at least not

\$2 worth. The editor who secured this scoop forgot to note that Mrs. Wilson's handwriting is much better than the only example we have of Shakespeare's. We are not informed that the President said grace before meat—in these times he might have repeated the Burns grace—"Some hae meat that canna eat, and some hae nane that want it, but we hae meat and we can eat, and so the Lord be thankit." That's a glorious grace for high-cost-of-living times. When the clipping from the *P.-D.* came to me in New York I showed it to some newspaper men at the Friars. They were lost in wonder and praise at and for such journalism. Toadyism, they said, can't beat that when the Prince of Wales comes to town unless it proceeds to revelations of such intimacies as how many towels he uses at his bath, or—but there are things said at the Friars, even under the slight inspiration of 2.75 per cent beer, that cannot be printed in a family journal such as the *MIRROR*. What a groom of the bed-chamber the White House could select from the editorial staff of the *Post-Dispatch*! For I can't believe that any one lone mind conceived this "little supper-for-two" feature; it could only have gestated and come to parturition in the collective mind of the editorial council. The groom of the bed-chamber would have to be selected by lot from that august assemblage. Great is journalism in St. Louis—when I'm away!

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The Co-operative Drama

I DINED one evening with Miss Helen Freeman of the company that is playing "John Ferguson"—the artistic dramatic success of the season. The company is a co-operative affair, called the Actors' Guild. There are eight members. They started playing with the understanding that each one would draw \$25 per week salary—the actors of the smallest parts on an equality with those in the big roles. All receipts over salaries, rent and expenses were banked in the name of the Guild. The second or third week salaries rose to \$50, then to \$75, \$100 and now they are \$250 per week. The play has run sixteen or seventeen weeks. The bank account is now about \$40,000, of which every member of the company owns one-eighth. Every actor in the company has made a big hit. Everyone has had offers from the big managers of places in their companies at good salaries—and with Equity or even "Fido" contracts. "Fido" is the theatrical name for anyone who joined the managers kept union to break the Equity. None of the members of the Actor's Guild went with the Fidoes. The Guild, managing itself, was not involved in the strike. Its theater was the only one running without union interference during the three weeks of the strike. "Who's boss?" I asked Miss Freeman, and she replied, "Nobody: we simply get together and agree upon matters." To which I responded, "Why, that's a sort of soviet arrangement you are working." And Miss Freeman, who, by the way, was once a St. Louis girl, living out on Dayton street, said she didn't care what I called it: it worked. Now this is a marvel! Eight actors, each fully equipped with a temperament, getting on together without disruptive conflict over precedence or what Shakespeare calls "degree." No rows over the distribution of applause by the audience or the allocation of honors by the critics. "Wonderful!" "Watson—the needle!" But true. All the managers have been waiting for the Actors' Guild to blow up; yet it doesn't blow. It

goes along prosperously without a manager. No hirer and firer about the place. It's more than a marvel; it's a miracle. Here's where the George Bernard Shaw proposal of equality of pay actually works out. Miss Barrymore was quoted in favor of that idea applied in all theaters. Miss Freeman has faith that it will work always and everywhere. I suspect that Miss Freeman herself is the stabilizer of the company. The play's success makes the plan more satisfactory than it would be otherwise. But there must be, at least there may be, other plays the Guild can present successfully, and actors who can obey a self-denying ordinance against seeking all the limelight and taking all the fat, and being starred above their associates in one play can do the same with regard to others. The Actors' Guild is an important event in dramatic history. It may point the way to the rescue of the theater from the clutch of those persons who have brought it low.

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Chorus Girls' Community House

AND Marie Dressler, bless her heart, made an announcement one day last week that promises another betterment of theatrical conditions. She said that during the strike Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., had contributed generously of funds in support of the chorus girls who had walked out. Not only that, but the same lady had promised Miss Dressler financial support for a chorus girls' club. Just as Miss Dressler said this, the table on which she was sitting collapsed, but that's no bad omen—any ordinary table would break if Miss Dressler sat on it to announce anything. Now, a club under Rockefellerian auspices would not have been hailed with delight prior to July 1st, but now all clubs are alike in their unassuageable thirstitude. A Rockefeller club cannot be any drier than the Lambs', the Friars' or the Players'. And besides the champagne and lobster chorus girl is largely a myth of the humorists. She rides oftener in that Jewish submarine, the Bronx subway express, than in the fabled limousine of the jejune Johnnie. She will enjoy her club and she won't say a word about "tainted money." At least I hope she won't. And the first thing she must do collectively is to have an heroic oil painting or possibly statue of Miss Dressler hung or erected in the assembly room. The chorus girls' community house should soon be one of the worthiest social institutions of the metropolis.

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Francis Feeling Fine

I HAD just finished reading about the Bolshevik raiding and ravaging the rooms of the American embassy in Petrograd when I looked up in the beautiful Lawyers' Club and who came in but David Rowland Francis, Russian ambassador and honored son of Missouri. Dave! Why, I stayed up all night "hollerin'" for Ed Noonan for mayor of St. Louis against Major Rainwater in the Democratic convention about 1885 when the bosses broke the deadlock with the suggestion of Dave for mayoral nominee. The choice was an inspiration—whoopee! Then Dave's political career began—mayor, governor, secretary of the interior, president of the World's Fair, ambassador to Russia. He looked like a hardy woodsman, as I gladly greeted him. Not a sign of evil effect of the dreadful operation he had undergone in London after a most distressful journey from Vologda. I could

well believe Breckenridge Jones when he told me that Dave was doing eighteen holes a day at golf. "Never felt better in my life," said Dave himself. And what, I asked, was he going to do with himself? "I want to get back to Russia as soon as I can," he said. That's D. R. F.—a Kentucky-Missourian who isn't afraid of a scrap. That's what you'd expect of a man who stood at the embassy door in Petrograd, revolver in hand and dared a mob of angry Bolsheviks, clamoring for the pardon of Tom Mooney in California, to "come on." Francis at Petrograd had a hard job. There doesn't seem to have been very good *liaison* work between Petrograd and Washington. I guess Washington took its cue from London and Paris as to Russia. Anyhow Dave stayed on the job, and he told the Bolsheviks they were on the wrong track. He was not hurt. The Bolsheviks were led in part by fellows returned from America who said the Root mission and the ambassador were all capitalistic, but in letters and speeches Francis told them the difference between democracy and the rule of the proletariat. The Russian business was bungled badly by the Allies and ourselves, but that was because Washington accepted London and French theory rather than Missouri facts. Dave wants to go back but there's no government to which we can accredit him. While he is awaiting orders, he is writing a book on his Russian experiences. It will be a good book, I'll bet. Dave can write. I wish he'd stay in St. Louis and personally direct and write the editorials for the *St. Louis Republic*. But the main thing is that he is well and hearty, for, however you may differ with him in politics, Dave is one of the best fellows in the world. Of course as a member of the administration, he's for the League of Nations from soda to hock, from soup to nuts, from hell to breakfast, etc.

Which suggests that Jim Reed, our Democratic senator, would send the League to hell without breakfast. And Joseph Wingate Folk is helping Frank P. Walsh to sap and mine the League. Most Missouri Democrats are not with Reed and Folk, but with the President. Now Folk wants to be Democratic senator next time. His chief prospective opponent is Governor Gardner. Francis is a possibility. He's known, has given big service, owns the *Republic*. Why may he not be a Democratic candidate for senator? It is in the cards. I doubt if Jim Reed could beat Francis for the senatorship now, as he did before. I mentioned this to Harry Wilson Walker, the political encyclopedia and walking biographical dictionary of New York, and Harry said: "Senator? Say, Dave is in the running for the Democratic presidential nomination and don't you forget it! He stacks up with the best possibilities you can think of—all of the other fellows you can think of are out of it. Dave goes back to Cleveland. He's a business man as well as politician. I heard much talk of him when I was mixing up with the American fringe of the peace conference." Walker was over there on the staffs of Col. House and Barney Baruch. And I'm told that Barney Baruch has the National Democratic Committee in his pocket—though Homer S. Cummings is doing all the committee's public talking right now. The *Post-Dispatch* fought against Francis and in favor of Reed for senator. It wouldn't be for the Reed faction now. It has never been crazy about Joe Folk. It has scant

regard for Governor Gardner. The *P.-D.* might be for Francis for senator. But of course Francis isn't running yet. But nevertheless and however I'm glad, as will be all Missourians, that Dave is recovered from his operation and ready to give the Russian ambassadorship another whirl.

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Some More Politics

NEW YORK politics begins to seethe, now that, according to the papers, Governor Smith and Mayor Hylan have come to a break. The Governor stands by his public service commissioner, Nixon, in the matter of raising certain street car fares. Hylan is denouncing Nixon, and everybody. Al Smith is a Tammany man—the best of a bad lot as Judge Seabury puts it. Hylan is a Democrat with a Hearst streak. Tammany has not wished to break with Hylan as long as he had any offices to give, but now the offices are gone. Hylan is a bit of a demagogue, backed by Hearst's papers. But what Hylan can expect further is hard to see. He may wish to be governor but that seems impossible. Smith may want to be United States senator. He has been an extraordinarily good governor. It is not thought that anyone can defeat him for the nomination, but it is said that Hearst and Hylan will try it. Personally, I think 1920 is going to be a Republican year. Most Democrats I meet think so too. Republicans do not much discuss the possible nomination of Pershing for president on their ticket. In all frankness I must say that I thought the Pershing ovation last week a bit forced. The crowds had seen too many processions of heroes before. But Pershing's short speeches pleased everybody. They came as a huge relief after about two years of unmitigated oratory. An able dumb man would be a great hero now. The men who think they know what the men at the top in the Republican party are doing, are certain that the party nominee will be General Leonard Wood. Hiram Johnson has his coat off and is already running, but the Easterners do not like him because they think he threw down Hughes in 1916. Outside of these men the most prominently mentioned probability is Herbert C. Hoover. He is a business man and a bit of a hero too.

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A Funeral and a Fire

WEDNESDAY afternoon I went down town to the church of Rev. John Haynes Holmes, Unitarian and pacifist, to attend the funeral of Horace Traubel. I found the church afire, with a great volume of smoke pouring through the large round window in the center of the façade, and the firemen playing streams upon it. There was no trace of the funeral. The police knew nothing about it, but the doorman told me that the fire was discovered just about the time the cortège arrived and the funeral had gone. So I couldn't pay my last respects to dear old Horace. Traubel was a rare personality. He had fallen in with Walt Whitman as a boy and thenceforth devoted his life to the propagation of Whitman's gospel or philosophy. He saved a mountain of letters written to Whitman. He had made during many years copious notes of Whitman's conversations about everything and everybody. He compiled these into a memorial work of which three volumes have been printed, entitled "With Walt Whitman at Camden." The book out-Boswells Boswell for devotion and exhaustiveness. There is too much of it. I am told that if Traubel had printed all his material the book would have run to ten or

twelve volumes. Horace founded a paper, *The Conservator*, to expound Whitmanism. At one time he did all the typesetting upon it himself. In this paper Traubel wrote poems of his own in a Whitmaniac form but with redoublings and refrains suggesting something of the theme-management in music. Gathered into volumes, "Optimos" and "Chants Communal," these rhythms had a wide vogue, though I never could see them as poetry. Traubel tried to carry Whitman over into Socialism—a thing in which I could not follow him. Old Walt was not an "ismist" at all. And above all things he couldn't be the chief in a Marxian. Traubel affected the Whitmanian tolerance, but not quite successfully. He went mildly vague at times, but he could and did write some splendid book reviews in *The Conservator*. He wrote in short sentences that carried from one to another by means of a repetition of phrase that grew very monotonous. He disdained grammar. He prided himself upon "don't for 'doesn't'" and "ain't for 'isn't.'" Whitman was the law and the prophets. Walt was enough for salvation. Walt was greater than Shakespeare. He was Traubel's god. For the panegyric of Whitman and his popularizing of him, Traubel gave his abilities, far above the ordinary, and in fact his whole life. A gentle man he was and, preaching the individual independence, still insisting upon socialism and being mostly dependent himself. He caught by sheer concentration a faint sussuration of the Whitman tidal strains. He beat his writing out too thin. But to thousands of Whitmaniacs it seemed the breath of the good grey poet's song had descended upon Horace, and at times he appeared to believe his work was Whitman with improvements. He was mistaken. But he was a lovable fellow in his consecration to one great memory and sorry I am that when I went to church to attend his funeral services I found the streets before the edifice blocked and packed with crowds watching the firemen trying to put out a fire in the loft. The crowd knew as little of Traubel who was to be buried that day as the world-crowd knows of Whitman—and both were, or thought they were, champions of the crowd. Traubel's friends buried him or his ashes near Whitman at Camden. And down the ages no one can ever think of the author of "Leaves of Grass" without remembering the faithfulest of his disciples, Horace Traubel.

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A Happily Scotched Reform

EVERYBODY who has ever been to New York knows that one of the very nicest things about the place is the bus system. It is an endless delight not alone to those who ride the vehicles but to those who watch them rolling along the avenue always apparently in imminent danger of toppling over and spilling the occupants of the roof in all directions. There's always a thrill as you pass under the elevated on a bus. First you think the girders will sweep you off, then you're sure the bus is going to crash into a pillar, but this never happens. The way the machines round corners is heart breaking. They seem bent on going right over the sidewalk into a plate glass window or down an areaway. And the tops of the buses are for lovers. Anyone else up there is out of place. The couples sit close. The man's arm is always stretched along the back of the seat and hugging a girl. Every lurch of the big wagon gives an excuse for a tighter hug. And often the young folks' faces are very close together. It is good to behold and to be one of the beheld.

The buses are Cupid's car line. They are much affected by visiting honeymooners. They give one quite the necessary idyllic contrast with the great rumbling, roaring town. Even in the daytime.

But when dusk comes and after dusk the dark, then the bus or the stage is lover's line. If the moon's up its all the better. The thing that best rhymes with moon is spoon. Talk of "linked sweetness long drawn out!" Why it's possible to start a kiss at Washington Square and keep it going as far as Grant's tomb or beyond—and she can rest her head, with wind-loosened hair, upon his shoulder, or he his on hers—which is an odd-looking locution, don't you think?—and just think they are in a rolling heaven. All for ten cents that you have to put in a little register which the conductor holds out before you and which pleasantly rings up the coin. The conductor never pokes the register at you while the spooning is on—you have to ring up before the spooning begins, though of course there's another fare to be collected if you're making a round trip. And on warm nights many couples make many round trips. Bussing on the buses is better than getting in the jam on the way to Coney Island. What a dime will get two sweethearts—the ride up Riverside Drive for instance, the view of the moonlit river, the warships in midstream, sparsely picked out with lights, the dark heights on the other side of the stream surmounted with a rigging of lights suggesting a ship in the sky, the great glow going up from the illuminations along Broadway, the clatter of the bus which seems always on the verge of an internal explosion, the long road gleaming like steel, the cracking "skeeze" of the tires on the wet asphalt—all this and the girl—if only the girl for the time being—what has great Gotham better to give to youth in its dear and dangerous waking dream? The answer is—nothing.

And into this paradise too comes the snake. There are people who fairly hate joy. There are folk who luxuriate in the ecstasy of condemning "sin." One of these wrote to the president of the bus line or lines calling his attention to the "immoral" spectacles I have faintly described. The demand was that spooning on the bus tops should be stopped at once. No more hugging, no more kissing, no more heads on shoulders whereon they were not placed originally. The president gave the letter to the newspapers. To the everlasting credit of the New York press be it said the papers came out unanimously for no interference with the lovers. They said that we had fought the war to make the word safe for this sort of thing. Let Rome in Tiber melt and the ranged arch of Empire fall—that's an echo of Marc Antony to the Serpent of Old Nile, and it won't do, but let it stand for its intriguing connotations. The papers would rather have the League of Nations go smash, the income and excess profits tax increased than stop the spooners on the rolling bus tops. "Beware!" they said. "Press us not too far. You have put prohibition upon us and we bear it meekly. But—quoting the good Queen Bess—by the splendour of God, we won't stand for putting the lid upon labial lingerings and armful enveloping movements of the sky-riding sweethearts of this good old town. Suppress free speech, turn loose upon us a wilderness of governmental snoopers of all kinds, but lay not sacrilegious hands upon the love-making of the common people!" The movement for suppression stopped at once. The kissing continues in the moonlight; yes and even under umbrellas in the nocturnal rains. I rejoice in it—in the end of the agitation, I mean

For my interest in the performance at which the agitation was aimed is purely academic, at fifty-seven. But I have memories of bus rides in days when horses pulled the stages, and the custom today, or tonight, prevailed then. Huh! Me? Because I am virtuous shall there be no more cakes and ale? Why, I can remember—but I'm not yet in my anecdote and all I say is that I hope kissing will never go out of fashion atop the careening stages, and I am moved to repeat the immortal words of Asa Bird Gardiner nearly a score of years ago: "To hell with reform!"

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He Did Not Pay

Two weeks ago I wrote about Mr. S. Jay Kaufman's war upon the "couvert" charge of Gotham restaurants in his "Round the Town" department of the *Globe*. I told of his questioning the charge at one place and finally paying it. He wrote to correct me, thus: "At that hotel where the covert charge is without cause, reason or justification I did not pay the bill. Because I wanted them to arrest me. Or sue me. Then the matter could have been tested. I am still waiting for them to arrest me. They send me bills and I say, 'I refuse to pay until the

couvert charge is deducted.' No answer. The whole point is that I ask my readers to refuse to pay these charges where they receive nothing for it. Where there is a cabaret or where there is dancing it is another matter. Even there it is illogical and pure (?) subterfuge but the poor chap must do. Elsewhere it is *impure* graft. And that reminds me that for a year I have been fighting the 'hat check trust.' Do you know that a few men own these 'privileges?' That they pay the boys and girls a small wage and that the profits in one year were some \$200,000 in a group of seven places? The public assumes that the money goes to the boys and girls. It goes to the trust." Very well, I apologize for my error. Bully for Mr. Kaufman and bully for him too in the other fight he is waging for the opening up of Gramercy Park to the children of the neighborhood. The park is locked. Only those people can get in who, owning property surrounding the park, have an easement in the plot and a key to the locks. The park is little used. It is well kept up and it keeps up property values all around it. But there are lots of kiddies thereabouts, to the east especially, who would enjoy a romp on the green grass around the statue of Edwin Booth.

NEW YORK, September 13.

Steel-Mills: South Chicago

By Maxwell Bodenheim

I.

THIS red hush toppling over the sky,
Wanders one step toward the stars
And dies in a questioning shiver.
The steel-mill chimneys fling their gaunt seeking
A little distance into the red
That softly combs their smoky hair.
The steel-mill chimneys only live at night
When crimson light makes love to them
And star-light trickles through the red,
Like glimpses of some far-off fairy tale.
Throughout the day the steel-mill chimneys stand
Rigidly within the wind-whirled glare:
Only night can bring them supple straightness.

II.

From the little, brown gate that does not see them
Because its eyes are blind with wooing soot,
An endless stream of men scatters out
Into the cool bewilderment of morning.
Upon their lips a limply child-like surrender
Curves out to the light, as though they felt
The presence of an unassuming strangeness.
The morning hides from their eyes:
They walk on, in great strides,
Like blind men swinging over a well-known scene.
Their faces twitch with echoes of iron fists:
Their faces hold a swarthy stupor
Loosened by little fingers of morning light
Until it droops into reluctant life.
And then their eyes, made flat by night,
Swell into a Madonna-like surprise
At children trooping back in huge disguise.
The oranges in lunch-room windows change
To sleek suns dipped in sleepy light,
And rounded tarts in china plates
Are like red heart-beats, resting but not dead.
A trolley-car speeds by
And seems a strident lyric of motion.
Wagons rumble down the street
Like drums enticing weariness to step. . . .
The hearts of these steel-striding men
Ascend and blend within their eyes,
And yet, these men are unaware of this.
They only feel a fluid relief
Voicing, in a clustered roar,
The cries of struggling thoughts unshaped by words.
But there are some who break forth from the rest.

This old Hungarian strides along
And binds naively-winged prayer-sandals
Upon the heavy feet of shuffling loves.
Gently, he plays with his beard
As though his fingers touched a woman's hair.
And this young Slav whose surly blasphemy
Curls his face into a simple hate,
Has taken iron into his laugh
And uses it to hew his stony mind.
While this Italian whose deep olive skin
Shines like sunlight groping through dense leaves,
Forgets his battered happiness
And bows with mock grace to his shouting day.
Beside him is a fellow-countryman
Walking aimless, dazed with joy of motion.
Upon his face a glistening vacancy
Lights the mildly querying thoughts
That seek each other but never meet.
Behind him steps a stalwart Pole
Whose rhythmic, stately insolence
Turns the sidewalk into a gray carpet,
Gray as the shades that race across his face
And show the savage squalor of his soul.
Night has broken her heart upon him,
Only scarring his bitter smile.
A street of little, jack-o-lantern houses
Veering into leering saloons,
Where the night, a crazy child,
Dips herself in sallow rouge
And chases oaths and heavy mirth
And even human beings:
Where the smoky sadness of the steel-mills
Wanders hesitantly into death
And drops a ghostly blur upon this girl.
Her numbly waxen, cherub face
Emerges gently from the doorway's blackness
As though the dark had given birth to it.
And then the falling light reveals
That something of a village hangs about her:
Something slumbering and ample.
The doorway is too small to hold
Her shoulders that are like a hill's broad curves
Dwindled in the distance. . . .
She is one of many earth-curved girls
Who listened to the insistent tinkle
Of wind-winged music from a far-off land:
Listened and knew not

That their own hearts faintly played.
So she ran to this far phantom,
Only finding it within herself
When the city's sly fists rained upon it.
Then once more she fled
With a dead heart whose restless pallor
Crept to squalid wantonness, for refuge.
And now she stands within this doorway,
Uttering muffled innuendoes
To the drained men of her race.
Yet, something of a village hangs about her:
Something slumbering and ample
Stealing from the earth-curves of her shoulders.

III.

The steel-mill workers straggle down this street,
Clanging shut the doorways of their souls,
And the sound rips their lips open.
The steel-mill workers do not know of this:
They only seek something that will sweeten
The dirt that has eaten into their flesh
And change it to raw music.
They straggle down this street,
Their faces slack and oiled with amorousness.
Like cats they play with their desires,
Biting them with little laughs
Until the sallow houses draw them in.
And then the night pursues their revelry:
Echoes from the shut doors of their souls

IV.

Three bent women and a child
Stoop before the steel-mill gate
As though the morning's ghastly murmur
Washed against them in a wave
Stiffening them into resisting curves.
One is old and floridly misshapen.
Years have melted out within her frame,
Flooding her with lukewarm loves.
The wrinkles on her flabby face
Are like a faded scrawl of pain
Scattered by the flesh on which it rests.
Her frayed shawl hanging unaware of her
Is a symbol of her heart.
The woman standing at her side
Is tall and like a slanting scarecrow
Coldly jerking in the morning's glare.
Only when she lifts a bony hand
Tapping life against her face,
Does the image disappear.
Dead dreams dangle in her heart,
Limply hanging from their rainbow sashes,
And whenever one sash trembles,
Then, she lifts a gnarled hand to her face
And tastes a moment of departing life.
Near her stands a slimly rigid woman
With an iron fear upon her bones.
A worn straight-jacket of lines
Cuts the dying youth upon her face.
The slender child beside her,
Buried within staidly murky clothes,
Glances frightenedly up at her mother:
Glances as one who dances to a gate
And fumbles for a latch that hides itself.
Then from the rusty-revered steel-mill gate
An endless stream of men scatters out
Into the cool bewilderment of morning.
Upon their lips a limply child-like surrender
Curves out to the light, as though they felt
The presence of an unassuming strangeness.

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The Rockefeller Foundation

By Chester Harding Krum

IN THE midst of war, and when one is in doubt whether there can be more, there has appeared a modest pamphlet entitled "The Rockefeller Foundation, Review for 1918, by George E. Vincent, president of the Foundation."

One recalls with effort perhaps the somewhat dubious reception which the Foundation had upon its appearance in the philanthropico-economical world. There were doubts expressed as to the expediency

of putting so much money, or property, in the hands of any one even for the ultimate purpose of the betterment of mankind. Just what are the limitations of the grant imposed by the grantor, or whether there are any, one does not know except those immediately concerned in the administration. This, however, is of no concern to the present writer. The story told by the pamphlet of review must however carry the Foundation out of the realm of doubt or speculation, or questions of expediency, into an almost bewildering Elysium of thankfulness that the creation was had and wonderment at the foresight and humanity of the creator.

The story of 1918 is told with a charming simplicity and directness; it assumes no extraordinary virtue in creator or administrators; it gives to all peoples, states and institutions in like fields of mercy and usefulness full credit, and it reveals a comprehensive usefulness of purpose and performance which quite baffles one's ability in point of description. Let the scope of the work done for the year 1918 be told by the pamphlet in its own way:

During the year 1918 the Rockefeller Foundation, through its own departments and by co-operation with seventeen independent agencies: (1) extended a campaign against tuberculosis in France; (2) conducted demonstrations of malaria control in Arkansas and Mississippi; (3) helped to check a yellow fever epidemic in Guatemala; (4) made investigations and surveys, and inaugurated measures against the same disease in Ecuador; (5) continued or began hookworm control, and encouraged sani-

tation in twenty-one foreign states and countries and twelve states of the union; (6) entered into comprehensive co-operation for improved public health organization in Brazil and Australia; (7) supported a School of Hygiene and Public Health, which was opened in October in connection with Johns Hopkins University; (8) continued to contribute to various war work agencies until the total given since 1914 reached nearly \$22,500,000; (9) pushed forward the fifteen buildings of a new medical center in Peking; (10) increased the funds of twenty-four missionary hospitals, medical, and pre-medical schools in China; (11) co-operated with South American institutions in establishing certain departments of research and teaching; (12) maintained sixty-eight fellows and scholars from the United States, China and Brazil who were studying at American medical schools; (13) supported studies in mental hygiene; (14) continued appropriations for the aftercare of infantile paralysis cases; (15) made additional gifts to the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research; (16) lent expert members of the Foundation staff for various services; (17) brought to an end studies in industrial relations; (18) made surveys for the American Red Cross and for the American Social Hygiene Association.

In addition to these more characteristic activities of the Foundation, appropriations in fulfillment of pledges were made to a number of organizations whose work does not lie directly in the fields of public health, medical education or war service.

This work was done at a gross expenditure for

the year 1918 of \$15,050,202, the founder making a gift of one million, which was credited to current income and not to the principal fund; the net expenditure for the year being \$14,909,394. The pamphlet indicates provision made for future work, which within the compass of the founder's life will certainly relieve every one from the necessity of the answer of the Genevan professor to his students as they entered the old hall of the Sorbonne: "Here," said the student, "is a building in which men have disputed for more than four hundred years." "But what," said the professor, "has been settled?" The pamphlet tells its own story of marvelous present accomplishment. The future can only reveal even the greater thankfulness of coming generations.

The initial chapter of the story is "Fighting Tuberculosis in France." To one, who as an old boy revels in "Alice in Wonderland," it seems that this recital can hardly be of real happenings, that Carroll must have written it—there is so much in it of the beauty of sympathy for the woes of afflicted humanity.

Granting that it seemed presumptuous for Americans to crusade against tuberculosis in the land of Louis Pasteur, it was found that there was no "efficient, co-operative, centralized organization among French agencies for a united, comprehensive attack on tuberculosis." Thereupon the Foundation and the Red Cross set about showing the French people what could be done. They organized team-play, to show the possibilities of dispensaries, hospitals, sanatoria, preventoria, open-air schools,

A Fascinating Display of Evening Gowns and Dance Frocks

Beautiful and exclusive models of heavy brocades, soft velvets, shimmering two-tone satins and youthful tulle, to please the most fastidious tastes. There are clinging draped models and models with the new cuffed harem skirts; models in the pannier and ruffled styles and models with hooped skirts. To capture the most elusive fancies, these gowns and frocks are trimmed with ostrich-feather trimming, garlands of French flowers, silver and ribbon girdles, crystal fringe, jet and sequins.

A Dance Frock of chiffon velvet is shown in an unusual model, made on straight lines with a sequin bodice and a cascade draped skirt; it is enhanced with ostrich-feather trimming and tulle; this is shown in a soft shade of rose - - - \$160

Another handsome model is a gown of chiffon velvet, combined with iridescent sequins; this has a long tulle train and an artistically draped skirt. It is - \$285

Evening Gowns, \$75.00 to \$325
The Dance Frocks, \$39.75 to \$150

Costume Salon—Third Floor

Dance Frocks for Misses

Have been assembled in many delightful models to make gay debutantes happy during the coming festivities.

Billowy tulles, lustrous satins, embroidered georgettes and lovely panne velvets vie with each other for favor.

Youthful and charming styles are presented in new straight-line, draped and bouffant models, adorned with sequins, silver embroidery, ostrich trimmings, silver fringe and garlands of ribbon and flowers.

The Frocks are shown in black and lovely evening shades, priced from - - \$29.75 to \$210

Misses' Shop—Third Floor

Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney



home supervision by visiting nurses, relief, extra food, educational campaigns, committees and government officials were all fitted into a co-operative and unified system. They secured the services of self-sacrificing American nurses, they set on foot a system of training a French personnel of nurses, they opened dispensaries—to illustrate in the Department of Eure-et-Loir—of which four central and six secondary centers were opened. Another six were nearly completed; seven others were located for future development, and it was expected that by July 1919 the twenty-three called for in the program would be in operation.

In all departments a systematic campaign of education has been carried on throughout the area, so that no remotest

family has been wholly untouched by this attempt to organize a typical provincial department for a public health crusade. In increasing numbers public officials and committee representatives from all parts of France are visiting Paris and Eure-et-Loir to see what American methods in actual operation are accomplishing.

Everyone should read the story of the Medicinal Tank, taken from *Le Matin* of November 30, 1918—an invention of the Foundation which "rolls over the roads of France, bearing signboards." *Le Matin's* description of the processes thus employed is certainly unique. There could be no better way to conduct a show to save the audiences from the hospital. The campaign of extension reached twenty-seven depart-

ments. By the end of the year fifty-seven new dispensaries had been opened; twenty other dispensaries were in process of installation, and plans for forty-nine more had been definitely made. Besides these dispensaries, fifteen laboratories were arranged for; thirty-eight new nurses installed, and forty-two new and active committees organized.

During 1918 three traveling exhibits and groups of lecturers visited ten departments, and in one hundred and forty-one towns of 3,000 or more population gave eight hundred and seventy-five lectures with demonstrations and exhibits. In the same period 2,115,708 pieces of printed matter, posters, pamphlets, postcards, were widely distributed throughout the whole of France. A

series of twenty-four articles on tuberculosis appeared in thirty-three important provincial newspapers.

The recital of the joint accomplishment of the Foundation and the Red Cross enables the former to express the hope that within a reasonable time, therefore, the Foundation expects to withdraw from France, confident that the work will go on until a nation-wide system for combating tuberculosis has become a permanent part of the policy of France.

The *Review* then recites the attention paid to malaria, on the theory that it is cheaper to get rid of it than to have it. Demonstrations began in 1916 were continued in 1918. In districts in Arkansas by draining or filling pools, by ditching sluggish streams, and by oiling surface water which could not be otherwise dealt with, the breeding of the *anopheles* (malaria-carrying) mosquito was almost wholly prevented. Thus the sole means by which malaria can be transmitted was eliminated. The results as tested by the number of calls made by physicians on persons who were suffering from the disease were striking. In Hamburg, Arkansas, the number of calls fell from 2,312 in 1916, to 259 in 1917, and to 59 in 1918, a reduction for the period of 97.4 per cent. The per capita cost for 1917 was \$1.45; for 1918 it was only 44 cents. In four other communities the percentage of reduction varied from 95.4 per cent to 80 per cent, while the per capita costs ranged from \$1.25 to 46 cents. Against the deep damnation of this lack of taking off, the undertakers certainly should have rebelled. Over in Sunflower county, Mississippi, the doctors were evidently driven to the verge of impecuniosity, so small must have been their bills. "It is believed that a malaria control of 80 per cent was secured in the rural area. For the whole region of about 100 square miles, with a population of 1,000 in the town and 8,000 on the plantations in the country, a large measure of control was brought about at an initial per capita cost of \$1.08. The manager of one plantation which has a tenant population of 600, estimates that for the past ten years the doctors' bills for malaria in this group have averaged \$3,000 per year, or \$5 per capita."

The *Review* shows the wide scope of the Foundation's attack upon yellow fever, a species of twin brother to malaria, only more malignant. Possibly the less one attempts to say about the efforts to combat a disease whose diagnosis is difficult, the better. Its germ has never been identified. The safer way is to leave the matter in the same degree of doubt, in which "Sirrah, you giant's" report to Sir John left that good old soul as to the diagnosis of his own pathological condition. [Second King Henry IV, Act 1, Scene II.] Nevertheless the Foundation fought yellow fever vigorously and successfully in 1918—notably in Guatemala when it was epidemic, but where Dr. Joseph H. White by September 19 had reduced infection to presence at only one point and by December 4 had absolutely eradicated it.

In the course of its cosmopolitan attention to ridding humanity of disease, the Foundation paid much attention to the control and prevention of hookworm infection.

The Diamond Shop

Among all jewels the diamond reigns supreme. Its quiet elegance and brilliant radiance are unsurpassed. Tokens of greatest significance take the form of this gem. Of all stones it is most popularly imitated, but always with small success, for no composition jewel has ever approached its scintillating brilliance.

Our Diamond Shop proves a place of extreme interest to the diamond connoisseur. The magnificent collection of superior stones is in itself of unusual merit, but when the rare artistry of the settings is considered, their inspection becomes an affair of keenest delight.

A faithful exponent of these principles is a three-inch platinum bar pin. Pains-taking in workmanship and unusual in design, the dainty, feathery filigree proves a very satisfactory resting place for twenty-three brilliant white diamonds.

Platinum is the metal also in a bracelet which needs but to be seen to be appreciated. Simple and unpretentious, its flexible length gleams with the crystal clearness of forty-five beautifully matched, pure white brilliants.

These two embodiments of dignified elegance are but an index of the many other treasures to be found in the Diamond Shop.

STIX, BAER & FULLER
ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

One does not find much in the literature of hookworm which is delectable from any point of view. It is evidently a disease which one would prefer to let every one else enjoy rather than have himself. It seems to be an affliction which operates upon its victim as the writ of *absquatulatum* would have done upon the judge in Indiana who ruled persistently against the lawyer who indicated that he might invoke it. "I am not exactly clear as to the scope of this writ myself, Your Honor, but I do know that it will knock hell out of the court!"

The recital of the campaign against the worm is a liberal education, at least in geography. Can a man take fire in his bosom and his clothes not be burned? Probably not, if he used the Standard Company's gasoline, but while in the hookworm domain of extermination why did not the *Review* tell us where the Sey-schelles islands are and avoid breaking our typewriting machines on the Pinghsiang colliery, evidently an unavoidable resort for the hookworm. What other attraction could such a colliery have? The Foundation fought this affliction nearly everywhere. Work for the relief and control of hookworm disease was during 1918 conducted in co-operation with twelve states in the United States and with twenty-one foreign states and countries. Infection surveys were completed in the state of Sao Paulo, Brazil, in Jamaica, and in Guam. New work was undertaken in Queensland, Australia, and Minas Geraes, Brazil. Of several invitations to begin new co-operative work it was possible to accept only one, that of the Madras government of India. As a result hookworm control measures have become a matter largely of governmental effort. The good that has been done is marvelous.

In the composite domain of hygiene, public health and medical education the *Review* describes work and accomplishments of the most extensive character and indicates preparations for the further extension of the new attitude of preventive medicine, interpreted as it is "into a better standard of living, in terms of working conditions, housing, food, exercise, recreation, sociability and happiness." Everywhere from France to China, the Foundation is at work. In October 1918 the School of Hygiene and Public Health was opened by the Johns Hopkins University—having been made possible by gifts for building, equipment and maintenance from the Foundation. In the Institute of Public Health, Sao Paulo University, Brazil, the Foundation is co-operating by furnishing equipment, the support of American professors and making possible the training of Brazilian scientists.

Verily, as the *Review* declares, the commonwealth of science knows no national boundaries and ignores distances. Way over in China the Foundation is building for the Peking Union Medical College fifteen structures which from their glazed tile roofs are known there as the "Green City." The expectation, well founded, is that when completed this will be a fully equipped and adequately manned center of medical research. The board during 1918 gave aid to two medical schools and to nineteen hospitals which are conducted in China under the auspices of several missionary

boards. In this way a total sum of \$181,235 was expended. The purpose of these appropriations was to strengthen teaching centers and to provide better equipment and a larger personnel for hospitals.

As heretofore indicated, the Foundation is at work practically everywhere. The aggregate expenditure of money for the betterment of human beings, tremendous though it has been for the last year, has been at a minimum maintenance of executive administration. Incidentally in war work alone in 1918 the Foundation expended the sum of \$11,-

105,226. No field of service has been slighted or overlooked. No wonder that the *Review* concludes the story of the service rendered during the past year as evidencing the purpose to enhance "the welfare of mankind throughout the world."

"The many activities described in the foregoing pages are consistent parts of a unified program which is dominated by a purpose to promote the general aim of the Foundation as expressed in its charter: The welfare of mankind throughout the world. With the coming of peace the nations are making an ef-

fort to come into closer relations of understanding and good will. Gradually more normal conditions of intercourse will be re-established. Restrictions upon travel and commerce will be relaxed. There will be an exchange not only of commodities but of ideas. Each country will be urged to contribute its best achievements to a common fund upon which all lands may draw. In this commerce of culture, science, sympathy and idealism, The Rockefeller Foundation desires to put its policies, personnel and resources at the service of the world." The story of the Foundation for 1918

FAMOUS-BARR CO.

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—and we might add, in greater numbers than we've had for some time, due to some recent arrivals. And don't forget that Red Seal Records that previously sold for \$2 and up now cost from 25% to 50% less. We know the following list will prove interesting. We have carefully selected a representative list of the very best numbers by the very best Victor artists—and therefore the world's very best artists.

	Old Price	New Price
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No. 88066—Faust (Jewel Song)—Melba - - -	\$3.00	\$1.50
No. 96000—Quartet (Rigoletto)—Caruso-Abott-Homer-Scotti - - -	\$6.00	\$3.00
No. 87072—Cavalleria Rusticana (Thy Lips Like Crimson Berries)—Caruso - - -	\$2.00	\$1.00
No. 88513—Carmen (Away to Yonder Mountains)—Farrar - - -	\$3.00	\$1.50
No. 89018—Trovatore (Home to Our Mountains)—Homer-Caruso - - -	\$4.00	\$2.00
No. 95212—Sextet from Lucia—Galli-Curci, Egner, Caruso, De Luca, Journet and Bada - - -	\$5.00	\$2.50
No. 89001—Forza Del Destino (Swear in this Hour)—Caruso-Scotti - - -	\$4.00	\$2.00
No. 89083—In the Moonlight—Caruso-De Gogorza - - -	\$4.00	\$2.00

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You pay for new records and you should get new ones. Records, after being sent out on approval, are not new when sold to you. We do not send records on approval, because we want you to get records that are new, unused and perfect. That is why we sell sealed records only.

Victrola Salon—Sixth Floor



should have the widest possible publicity—not merely because of the service to humanity which the institution has rendered and will render, but because it evidences the highest and best beneficence known to history. It is a beneficence the foresight of whose founder is without parallel. He must be one who will awaken from some deep dream of peace to find that of those whose names were written upon an imperishable record his name—written as one who loves his fellow men—lo! led all the rest.

Marts and Money

Notwithstanding a sinister state of things in Boston and renewed threats of a general steel strike, Wall Street continues to plunge rather boldly in equipment, motor, oil, and steel stocks. There's quiet confidence that matters in dispute will be adjusted properly, and that the season of industrial unrest is drawing to an end. Determined defiance of both President Wilson and Samuel Gompers is not regarded as at all prob-

able. At any rate speculators lean to the opinion that all important untoward factors have been discounted and that the bent in values is once more definitely upward.

However, there still remains considerable skepticism among carefully calculating traders as to the stability of the present upward movement. There's strong suspicion that the uprushes in highly volatile issues are brought about mainly with the intention of facilitating distribution in the general market, and that the dominant powers and cliques will not approve of preparations for another genuine bull market until they have had ample opportunities for rebuying at quotations much lower than those now effective. In pondering this subject, with its various cross-currents, every thoughtful observer must needs admit that quoted values of the majority of ordinary shares are not at preposterous levels.

This can be said especially of railroad, copper, and such oil stocks as have so far escaped the attention of manipulative pools. The passionate, reckless purchasing of stocks of equipment and steel companies is mostly in anticipation of big contracts for cars, locomotives, and rails as soon as the railroad systems are returned to their owners. That requirements are exceptionally urgent and bulky is conceded by every recognized authority. The lines have been "skinned" for several years. In addition, there is excellent cause for believing that European orders will be placed in great volume after adverse conditions in foreign exchanges have been somewhat rectified either through efforts of Government's concerned or through granting of loans by American bankers.

Something must be done if commercial intercourse is to be as free and ample as prevailing conditions on both sides of the Atlantic obviously demand. International co-operation is sorely needed. It's an unavoidable duty. This I dare say despite some remarks to the contrary on the part of Governor Harding of the Federal Reserve Board. The international flow of credits and commodities must be broadened and expedited. Neglect in that respect is very apt to lead to grave economic disturbances. Millions of idle workers must be put to work in Europe. The peril of extensive disemployment and of serious falls in wages in the United States must be forestalled. Some marked contraction in general business and declines in wages may be regarded as inevitable before a great while, probably in the latter part of 1920.

The process of liquidation of war costs has yet to be completed. It has barely begun. The sum total of the war's cost is placed at \$196,000,000,000. We have advanced nearly \$10,000,000,000 to Allied European countries. The Federal Reserve Board discountenances proposals of supplementary credits, but prominent financiers maintain a different attitude. They feel that we will serve our own interests best by granting additional large amounts—not less than \$1,000,000,000, at least. Many exporters voice fears that if the foreign exchange situation is not speedily strengthened, they will virtually be forced out of business, and have to shut down some of their factories. The Government should

take the initiative in the matter by arranging credits and terms of repayment.

The monthly official crop report confirmed previous advices of deterioration. It put the spring wheat yield at 208,000,000 bushels, and the winter wheat yield at 715,000,000, as compared with 893,000,000 in June, thus putting the aggregate at 923,000,000 bushels. Important damage is indicated also in the returns from the corn and oats fields. It now seems as though there would be very little if any wheat left at the close of the crop-year June 30, 1920. It is supremely needful that the world's supplies be carefully husbanded if all pressing requirements are to be adequately covered. Fortunately some of the European nations reports fairly good yields, relatively considered, though pre-war records have nowhere been attained.

Municipal financing continues on a strikingly large scale. August's total was \$57,022,280, against \$32,153,413 for the like month in 1918. It was indeed the largest in at least five years. For eight months ended August 31, the record stands at \$440,495,000, against \$187,192,143 for the corresponding period in 1918. There are intimations that for the remaining four months the total of new municipal financing will be approximately \$160,000,000. It is notable that many first-class bonds of this variety are selling on investment bases closely approaching, if not actually equal to, those of Liberties. The reasons for this are perfectly apparent. Such issues are absolutely safe and also exempt from taxation.

Silver is quoted at \$1.13 in New York. The tendency still seems upward. From London comes the thought-compelling news that \$4,250,000 South African gold has been sold for shipment to America at a little more than 90s 4d. per ounce. This denotes a rate which is 15 per cent above that ordinarily paid by the Bank of England. Humiliating times for John Bull. Financial supremacy has been transferred to New York.

Mexican Petroleum is quoted at 214—absolute maximum. It was purchasable at 162¾ some months ago. Last year's low point was 79. The company's annual report discloses earnings on the common stock of \$14.13 per share, after taxes. For the previous year the record was \$10.23. Taxes paid to the Mexican and U. S. governments exceeded dividend payments by almost \$3,000,000. The stockholders receive \$10 per annum. It is pretty safe to predict that the shares will be quoted at 250 at a not remote date.

Railroad stocks remain more or less neglected. Would-be purchasers are inclined to postpone action until the outlook has cleared at Washington. At the same time, though, it is believed that the lowest quotations have been seen, and that parties owning certificates are firmly resolved to liquidate at much higher figures than those now in existence. It must be borne in mind that the course of liquidation has been long. It started two or three years before the outbreak of the war.

Finance in St. Louis.

They have a broad financial market in St. Louis. Demand for speculative issues is growing, and will undoubtedly

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IT is service to you that counts—understanding of your particular needs, courtesy and liberal treatment day after day, not when we are ready to give it, but when you are ready to ask it.

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Mississippi Valley Trust Co.
Saint Louis

This Is Thursday

You've been thinking for almost a week about that Savings Account you are going to start.

Your mind's made up—or mighty near it, to-morrow you will settle it.

Don't be afraid because it's only a \$1 or \$2 start. \$2 deposited each week in ten years, with the interest we pay you, means \$1211.34 saved.

It isn't so much the \$2, as what the \$2 will ultimately result in.

On Saturday or Monday, the deed will be done you'll have started—you'll have a Mercantile Savings Account.

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EIGHTH AND LOCUST



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—TO ST. CHARLES

lead to the establishment of considerably higher prices still in the next few months. United Railways 4s are a trifle firmer, owing to authorization of an eight-cent fare, but the quotation shows no material change for the better as yet. Nearly \$40,000 worth of the bonds were lately transferred. Particular partiality is displayed towards Indian shares. Heavy transactions were concluded at 9.75 to 10.25. Maryland Refining is being accumulated on soft spots and quoted at or around previous levels. Hydraulic-Press Brick preferred still is in good inquiry, with sales making at 47.75 to 49. The common is selling at 8.87½ to 9. Banking issues remain quiet, but resiliency of values indicates that they are expected to make an interesting record in the next upward movement, which may set in within the near future.

Local Quotations.

	Bid.	Asked.
Jefferson Bank.....	99¾	-----
Manchester Bank.....	183	-----
Mississippi Valley Trust.....	293	295
United Railways com.....	4	4½
United Railways pfd.....	12½	13
United Railways 4s.....	54½	55
Scruggs 1st.....	-----	78
Mo. Portland Cement.....	-----	80
Ely & Walker com.....	-----	120
Ely & Walker 1st pfd.....	-----	108
Brown Shoe com.....	95	100
Brown Shoe pfd.....	-----	98½
Hydraulic P. B. com.....	9¾	9¾
Indian Refg.....	9¾	10
Best-Clymer com.....	62¼	-----
Granite-Bimetallic.....	65	70
Independent B. 1st pfd.....	18	19
Independent Brew. 6s.....	57½	59
National Candy com.....	-----	108
Nat. Candy 2d pfd.....	101	102
Wagner Electric.....	160½	165
Marland Refg.....	7½	7¾

Answers to Inquiries.

READER, St. Louis.—Inspiration Copper is one of the best stocks of its class. Company owns about 1900 acres of mining lands in the Globe Camp of Arizona. Developed ore reserves are estimated at over 87,000,000 tons. Jointly with the Anaconda, which holds a large amount of its shares, the company also controls the Arizona Oil Co. The capitalization authorized—\$30,000,000—is not excessive. It's not believed that the \$6 dividend will be cut. A possible reduction may be regarded as fairly well discounted in the current price of 61½, which compares with a recent top mark of 69¾. If the rate were \$5 per annum, the yield at 62 would be 8 per cent. Stock sold as high as 74¾ in 1916. You should not hesitate about buying in case of another relapse below 60.

BANKER, Concordia, Kans.—(1) Northern Pacific 4s are a good investment. Increased liquidation in the past week or two appears to have been for foreign account mostly. Ruling price of 77 is not too low under existing general conditions. It is but little under the quotation for Atchison, T. & S. F. general 4s, now 77¾. The bonds were up to 86 last January, and as high as 106¾ some fifteen years ago. All bond values are necessarily feeling the depressive influences of tremendous strain on credit all over the world, resultant from oppressive war debts in Europe. (2) Corn Products Refining 5s are not attractive at present price of 100½, though desirable securities otherwise. Would advise purchasing bonds valued at not more than 70.

R. F. McD., Rochester, N. Y. (1) Baltimore & Ohio common looks cheap at 40, though resumption of common dividends is not likely at early date. If it

really were, the stock would be quoted at about 55. Recommend additional purchase. Further sharp depreciation seems improbable. (2) Ray Consolidated is a good speculative purchase at 24. Sold at 37 in 1916, and will reach that level again in due time. Earnings are slowly increasing. There can be no doubt that Europe is extraordinarily short of red metal. This being the case, a severe slump in copper issues cannot reasonably be looked for.

H. A., St. Louis.—Stick to your Tobacco Products Corporation and Western Maryland. They will turn out all right. They are promising propositions, especially the first-named.

TRADER, Wilburton, Ok.—The Missouri Pacific preferred dividend has been cumulative since January 30, 1918, and stock is convertible into common at par any time. Present price of 46 indicates undervaluation. A good speculation. The unpaid dividends will be disbursed after return to shareholders. No question about that.

READER, St. Louis.—Better stick to your Gaston, Williams & Wigmore investment. The company's prospects are distinctly bright. The ruling price of 30½ shows a depreciation of more than seven points in recent weeks, and it would therefore be rather indiscreet to let go at a loss.

Coming Shows

Patricia Collinge—remembered for her delightful impersonation of the "glad girl" in "Pollyanna"—will come to the American next week. She will play the title role in a new four-act comedy "Tillie," which is an adaptation of Mrs. Helen R. Martin's novel "Tillie, the Mennonite Maid." It presents the curious Pennsylvania Dutch types that are to be found in the Mennonite country, the valleys of the Schuylkill and the Susquehanna rivers. Two settings are shown, one the interior of the quaint little inn run by Auntie Em, the other the exterior of Tillie's home in the springtime when the apple blossoms are in bloom. The supporting company is a strong one and includes in the principal parts John W. Ransone, Helen Weathersby, Mildred Booth, Reed Hamilton and others.

Cosmo Hamilton maintains that sex is the one big question of life, that it is a problem which will never be solved, but he goes right on giving expositions of various angles of its manifestations. Some time ago Walter Hast, producer of "Bunty Pulls the Strings," staged Cosmo Hamilton's "Blindness of Virtue." The same producer now offers "Scandal," a satirical comedy on the same subject but on slightly different lines. It had a seven months run at the Garrick theatre in Chicago, terminated by the coming of other plays previously booked for that house. It will play at the Shubert-Jefferson theatre for one week beginning next Sunday.

Manager Martin Beck of the Orpheum circuit is congratulating himself on a contract with a number of Spanish musicians and dancers whose company disbanded shortly after landing in this country. Under the title of "Spanish Revue" they will head the Orpheum bill next week. The Circulo Latino-Americano de San Luis and all other St. Louisans interested in the Spanish stage will want to see this act. Others billed are Miss Juliet with "A One Girl Revue," a musical skit by Felix Bernard and Jack Duffy called "Have a Smile," Charles O'Donnell and Ethel Blair in a laughable take-off on the piano tuner; Henry B. Tommer in a playlet "The Wife Saver," Claudia Coleman illustrating feminine types, not all lovable; Phina and company in a singing and dancing act; and Salla brothers in "Flips and Flops."

The big feature of the Grand Opera House bill next week will be "Two Sweethearts," a miniature musical comedy, presented by Walter Pearson and company. Other numbers will be Roy La Pearl, aerialist; Black and O'Donnell in a diverting sketch of a village where news of the end of the war has not penetrated; Mabel Whitman and the Dixie boys in a jazz jamboree; Smith and Keefe, "the two humming birds," Fitzgerald and Carroll, hobnobbers; the Arensons, equilibrists; James Walsh, blackface comedian; John Mills, versatile entertainer; Mutt and Jeff and Sennett comedies, St. Louis and Animated Weeklies, and Ditmar animal pictures.

The Romas Troupe in a conglomeration of hilarious whirlwind eccentricities, and the latest Robertson-Cole feature picture, "The Other Half," will be the principal attractions at the Columbia the last half of the current

week. Wanzer and Palmer, a team of versatile vaudevillians, have a new vehicle this season that eclipses their former act as a laughing proposition. George and May LeFevre will present an artistic dance creation featuring gorgeous novelty headgears and a beautiful stage setting. Though still a young man, Nick Hufford, who will offer "One Loose Page from the Book of Fun," has the reputation of being one of vaudeville's best comedians. Mr. and Mrs. Mel Burne will contribute a wide-awake episode entitled "On The Fourth Floor."

To the old time patrons of burlesque who have seen such stars as Weber and Fields and David Warfield graduate from its ranks it seems only natural to predict a great future for some particularly clever performer in this branch of the profession. The predictions are being made of Ray Read with the Great Star and Garter Show which comes to the Gayety theatre next Sunday. He has succeeded in

being grotesquely funny without making himself personally hideous. Of course Charles Burns, Howard Paden, Will Bovis, Bert Hall, Florence Darley, Vivian Roth, Pauline Hall and the well known burlesque producer J. Ward Kett, will all claim attention, but Ray Read has developed a unique style of comedy and his roles in both "La Belle Paree" and "Putting it Over" are admirably suited for his novel conception of a comedian.

J. Caesar expounded the difference between himself and the President.

"Wilson came, saw and concurred," he explained.—New York Sun.

When passing behind a street car look out for the car approaching from the opposite direction.

AMERICAN

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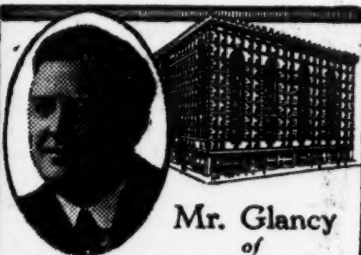
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To later readers of the MIRROR who want a glimpse into the recent past I would say that here is to be had history, pungently put, and a breezy discussion of concurrent developments in art, science, literature,

Edward P. Totten
Bowman, N. Dak.

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